

## illustrated

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30108318) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30108318>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Explicit Sexual Content</a> , <a href="#">Smut</a> , <a href="#">Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Masturbation</a> , <a href="#">Tattoos</a> , <a href="#">Tattoo Kink</a> , <a href="#">Pain Kink</a> , <a href="#">Blood</a> , <a href="#">Bruises</a> , <a href="#">it's softer than it sounds</a> , <a href="#">am i breaking the fourth wall or passionately making out with it</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">Anonymous</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-18 Words: 6431

## illustrated

by Anonymous

### Summary

Dream discovers he likes tattoos. George discovers he likes Dream's tattoos.

### Notes

I read [Piercing](#) and had a revelation experience. Also I like tattoos. Bon appetit

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It begins with a smiley face, of all things.

George is cooking when he sees it. Well, he says 'cooking', but he really means watching his food revolve in the microwave while he absently thumbs through twitter. It buzzes with the sort of low hum that worms its way into his mind and frays all his nerve endings with sharp irritation.

So when Dream appears in the doorway, it takes a good portion of his mental energy to contain the huff that clambers up his throat. It sits on his tongue and dies, because George streams for hours on end every week and it'd be a sorry state of affairs if he wasn't able to ball up his emotion and cram it deep into the recesses of his stomach. Neat and ready to unpack later. He pins a smile onto his face. Shoves his phone into his back pocket.

“Is it done?” He asks. Dream’s been editing a video all day, which means the house has adopted the sort of stagnancy that occurs whenever he’s deep in concentration, working himself to the bone so he can fulfill some invisible sense of deadline.

“Huh? Oh, the video. Yeah, it’s done.” Dream runs a weary hand through his hair, and that’s what grabs George’s attention.

Because there’s something adorning the inside of Dream’s wrist, something small and understated which sticks out like a blight to George because they spend so much time around each other. He feels his eyebrows push together in curiosity. “What is that?”

“What’s what?”

“On your wrist, what is it?”

Dream seems to realise what George is on about, and his eyes dull to dark yellow. He tugs his wrist behind his back, looking as if he’s a kid caught with his hand in the candy jar. “Nothing,” he says shiftily. George thinks shiftily is the dumbest fucking word he’s ever heard, but it’s the only one applicable to the way Dream suddenly looks *extremely* interested in his microwave lasagna. He’s gazing into the thing as if it’s an installation in the Louvre.

“Lemme see,” he says, before grabbing for Dream’s wrist.

Evidently, Dream’s reflexes have been worn bloody and thin by so many hours sitting in front of his computer, because George emerges from the exchange with a wrist clasped in his hand. It’s hot where it meets his skin, burning and sunkissed. He turns it over so he can look at whatever it is Dream is trying to hide.

“God, you’re irritating,” Dream says, but there’s no malicious heat behind his words.

There’s a smiley face etched in black ink on the inside of his wrist, thick lines crossing over a nebula-coloured collection of veins. Saran wrap is layered over it, pulled taut so George is able to see the red cloud of irritation around the outline. “You got a tattoo?” He asks empirically. George seems to be playing adverb bingo today.

“No fucking shit.” Dream snatches his wrist back and the cold burns.

George is supposed to say it looks dumb, say it’s stupid to have a smiley face tattooed on the inside of his wrist. Instead what comes out is an intelligent, “huh.” The microwave rattles as the lasagna stops rotating and the timer beeps at him like a red digital woodpecker to the brain. “Why?” *Beep beep*. The woodpecker grows into a vulture and begins to pick apart his neuron passages. God, he’s hungry.

“I dunno.” Dream shrugs. “I was feeling sappy, I guess. The fans gave me everything, I wanted the reminder.”

“That’s nice.” George’s lips curl into a genuine smile as he pops the microwave open and retrieves his pasta. It smells orgasmic, roiling with tomato waves which make his mind foggy. He thinks a tear almost springs to his eye.

Clearly, the moan he lets out when he shoves a forkful of it into his mouth is a little over the top. “Why do I feel like I’m interrupting something?” Dream asks, tattoo forgotten.

“You are.” The tomato is burning the roof of his mouth but he doesn’t care.

“Don’t talk with your mouth full, you’re as bad as Sapnap.”

George nearly chokes on his food. “That’s too far, take it back.”

“Never. I’m gonna leave you to make love to your lasagna, I gotta upload the video.” And Dream waltzes back out the kitchen in the incredibly carefree way he seems to move, tattoo smiling at George where it’s inked onto his wrist.

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George should’ve known this was only the beginning of his torment.

Dream is sporting a waxing moon on his arm within a fortnight, saran wrapped with the black ink picture-perfect because it’s so fresh. He raises an eyebrow when he first sees it, walks up to Dream so he can pull his sleeve up and get a better look at the image.

“A moon,” he says. Good to know George’s observational skills haven’t regressed since the smiley face incident. Dream’s skin is hot against his fingers as he turns it this way and that, as he admires each line accumulating to form one complete image. It’s not particularly detailed, and all the lines are thick and black like the smile inked onto his wrist. “What does it mean?”

“Nothing. I like the moon ‘sall. Does it need a meaning?”

George blinks. “No, I guess not.”

And really he should know, he should know that Dream won’t stop here. Perhaps he should’ve stopped after the first one, when it could be passed off as sentimental and special. But now he’s got something for the sake of getting it, and George’s feet are slipping against the slope he’s standing upon, sending him careening into dangerous, dangerous territory.

That night, the moon is out, sticking through her robes of cloudmatter to illuminate the earth in soft white. It streams in through George’s window, pools in his cupped palms and makes him glow with oyster-cream. His screensaver cuts through the darkness alongside it, but he’s not interested in the pulsing bursts of rainbow.

Somehow, even with the moon huge in the sky and shining as though he’s the only one there to view it, his mind is stuck upon thick black lines contrasting with Dream’s skin, sharp and crisp with newness.

They cling to his mind and won’t leave, until his dreams are full of inked moons and fire which licks at his calves.

It gets worse and worse as Dream’s skin fills up with ink, pieces intensifying in size and intricacy until his limbs are covered in swirling colour. Entire galaxies of it, whole flower meadows spun into reality across their tanned canvas. The whole process is stretched out over months and months, which gives George’s problem plenty of time to grow unbridled until it’s so big his ribs seem to crack under it.

The seasons change, and every one brings another rock to press him into the earth.

At some point, he stops being able to see the new additions because Dream’s arms and legs are full

of ink, so much of it that George dreads to think how much money he's putting into this. Dream seems to be unable to stop, constantly chasing the rush that comes with having ink pushed under his skin by a cluster of needles. He tells George getting his ribs done had felt like walking over the hot coals of hell barefoot for a few hours, but a smile remains pinned to his face as he reminisces over it. And within a month, he's ringing his artist again to schedule an appointment.

Dream somehow lets it slip on stream, and George's twitter practically *explodes*.

He thumbs through the hashtag out of curiosity more than anything else, and is affronted by a dosage of Horny so potent it should quite frankly be illegal. Fanfiction starts cropping up, each one centred on Dream's tattoos and how unbelievably *hot* they're supposed to be. Supposed to be, because nobody actually knows what they look like other than Sapnap and George, for better or worse.

To his credit, it takes him a whole day to crumble and click on one of the links.

He's left flustered and straining against his sweats, mind full of Dream, Dream's tattoos, and Dream again for good measure. But he's able to fold it all up into a manageable size, shove it down his throat where he can forget it exists. Forget it exists, because he definitely shouldn't be thinking about his best friend like this. For a terrifying moment, he even considers talking to Sapnap about it, before realising he'd quite literally rather get the bottoms of his feet tattooed. With his face. A laugh bubbles out of him in a moment of delirious hysteria because the mental image of it is so fucking stupid.

So he's left to deal with it by himself. He keeps his eyes dutifully away from Dream's skin, trains them to the floor whenever they're in close proximity so his mind will perhaps be free of ink that night.

But it never is, and he falls further and further into the needle pit.

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The brunt of his problem is brought to a staggering climax when Dream returns home with yet another piece he can't see. Hidden away beneath his clothes, secretive and allusive and dangerous.

George feels his tongue swelling up in his mouth as Dream moves around the kitchen, tosses laundry in the washer, fills the cat bowl with wet food. They're all mundane, usual actions. Somehow seeing Dream exist is enough to set him off, crushing his windpipe until he can't breathe and his mind focuses with needle-precision on the thought of Dream's new tattoo. He aches to know what it is, where it is, how the lines look in contrast to ichor hued skin. A thousand questions buzz in his head with white static, bounce around the walls of his skull until he feels as if he's been shoved in a straitjacket.

He's forced to leave the room, mumbling out an excuse about a headache. *I can sleep it off*, he struggles, when Dream offers him advil with genuine concern bleeding into his golden irises. It makes George feel even worse for lying.

Shame presses down upon his shoulders until he drags himself into the shower, sheds all his clothes with careless movements and leaves them in a crumpled heap on the linoleum, later's problem. George needs to scrub his skin raw, massage soap into it until he feels clean and normal once more. Perhaps he can douse the thought of Dream from his neural passages, flame it out with cloying anti-bac so they can go back to being friends again and George can hold conversations with him without feeling as if he may combust.

The water is pure relief to his limbs, encases him in silvery streams until his thoughts begin to placate. The swirling currents of his head seem to still, calming until the storm clouds withdraw and he's left with something more reminiscent of an alpine lake than a choppy ocean.

He tells himself he doesn't care about the tattoos, doesn't care about the ink swirling across Dream's skin and wrapping around his limbs. Leading up his arms, disappearing under the sleeves of his shirt and mapping out to God-knows-where. George wonders if it continues over his chest, his back, down over his thighs and up to his pelvis. What the lines would look like, swelling and dipping over the indents of his body. How they would look when his skin's drenched in perspiration, covered in a sheen of sweat which beads at his temples and rolls into his collarbones. George thinks about all of it, and his eyes go hazy with the images.

Fuck, he's hard.

His cock is swollen red against his stomach, so erect it seems to flush purple near the head. He gasps when his fingers brush over it, even the smallest amount of pressure electrifying. The shower fades to black as his eyes dip shut, and he has to bite into the palm of his other hand to stifle the sinful moan that punches its way from the thorny depths of his stomach. Red dents against alabaster white.

George thinks he could cry when Dream's hands slip into his mind without permission.

He imagines inked arms circling around his waist, subtle muscles forcing him back against a tattooed chest. How Dream's voice would sound, low against the shell of his ear as he reaches down, down, down to press a thumb into the slit. *Let me help, baby*, he would say, dirty and caring in sweet juxtaposition. How George would cry out and fuck into his palm, unable to look away from his cock encompassed by a hand with tattoos all over the back of it.

The tattoos scorch themselves to the innards of his brain even as he attempts so desperately to push them out, to forget the thick black lines and vibrant colours stamped across Dream forever. He seems to move on autopilot as he fists his cock, drags his palm over it in a way that's too soft, not rough and dirty and fast enough. Dream would pump it hard enough to bruise, he thinks, squeeze George against his chest until it feels like he can't yank the breath in and out of his lungs. Trapped there, with no escape from the teeth tattooed onto his skin.

His movements are turning sloppy now, the way he tugs his cock too desperate as he chases release. It burns hot and painful in his stomach, throbs over his skin until he's so warm he's certain his vision will slip away from him.

George cums harder than he has in a while, shoulders shaking as he clamps a hand over his mouth to contain the wave of sound that threatens to spill out. It's unsatisfying, even as he gushes white all over his fingers and onto the shower tiles. It's unsatisfying, because he wants to scream and whine and thrash, have inked hands tug filthy cries out of him until possession is practically branded across him like a tattoo.

When his thighs have stopped trembling, the guilty weight of shame comes crashing down over him like an anvil to the head.

He drags breath after breath into his chest, and it doesn't stop the ache.

This part is most difficult, when the head-haze has cleared and all George wants is gentle hands pushing through his hair. Cruel, because in the presence of clarity, he can no longer conjure Dream in his mind. He's left with a mess all over the tiles and weak knees, as well as a festering presence in his mind that nags and nags and nags until he fears the itch may never go away.

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It's another few weeks of pure torture before it finally happens.

George spends days upon days with the itch needling over his skin, prodding and pushing at delicate flesh until he's certain he must be bleeding internally. The shame punches into him like ink, dissolves into fuzzy lines as each day passes. Every night is punctuated by the way he ruts into his sheets, his palm, his pillow, hips canting in frantic motions that somehow aren't fast enough to expel the image of Dream from his mind. He's not sure why he's so turned on all the time, painting fabric over and over again with sticky white until he fears Dream and Sapnap know exactly what he's done.

And when the paranoia really begins to set in, George decides he's had enough.

"Don't you have enough now?" He snaps when he catches Dream looking through a portfolio again.

"Huh?"

"Tattoos. You're covered in them. It's an addiction at this point."

"...it's not hurting anyone."

"It's hurting *me*," he blurts, eyes welling up with pure frustration.

"Shit, George. Why are you crying?" Dream's arms wrap around him and it makes everything so much worse because he's *warm* and George arcs into the touch without really meaning to. And the ink is so close now, filling up his head with lines thick enough to choke him. His cock stirs in interest, and he wants to scream until his lungs collapse. Even when his cheeks are damp and Dream's eyes are full of concern, George can't stop thinking with his fucking dick and it's *infuriating*.

He shoves Dream off him in a moment of anger. And immediately regrets it, because Dream is looking at him so *softly* and it seems like he's really, really worried. George wishes he would get angry back, would give George the cold-shoulder for a few days so he'd finally have some peace and quiet. But Dream isn't like that. "George?" His hands hover in the air between them, as if he's unsure what to do with himself. "How is it hurting you?"

Fuck, is he really doing this? Months and months of pent up sexual frustration weigh upon his shoulders, and George is so tired. He wants to get fucking railed, he wants to be held by inked arms and fucked until he can't stand up anymore. And the only way he's going to get it is by being honest.

"I can't stop thinking about your fucking tattoos," he admits. He takes a deep breath before continuing. "I think about them every goddamn day, and every time you get a new one I want to fly back to England so I don't have to imagine what it might look like."

"Do they bother you?"

George chokes down a sob of disbelief. "No, Dream. It just fucking hurts because I can't stop thinking about them at night, or when I'm in the shower, or really *any time at all*. I feel like my dick's gonna fall off."

“Oh.”

“Yeah, oh.” He wonders with a strange sort of detachment if Dream’s about to kick him out the house, if he’s about to get cast to the doorstep because he just admitted to jacking off while thinking about him. About his tattoos, and how they’d look encompassing his body. How his arms would feel wrapped around George.

Dream’s lips twist, and George is just about ready to book a flight.

“You’re turned on by my ink.”

“Yeah.”

He shudders an exhale, and George watches with morbid fascination as his eyes grow hazy. Watches because he’s strangely fascinated by it, by watching his life crash and burn around him. He’s waiting for the anger to flare up, for the spark of flame to consume his irises. “You touch yourself and think about it.”

“If this is your way of making fun of me, I don’t appreciate it,” he says. His pulse thunders in his ears, jackhammering until he feels detached from the here and now.

“What if I’m not making fun of you?”

He feels his brow crease. “Aren’t you?”

And Dream is stepping closer, crowding him against the kitchen island with arms covered in ink and corded with the subtle swell of muscle. George swallows hard as he looks at the lines, as he watches each one flex, and Dream seems to notice. A grin tips onto his face. “You’re driving me fucking insane, George.”

“What-”

“You could’ve told me before. You could’ve told me what you think about when you’re jacking off. You’re burning up, aren’t you? I can see it in your eyes, you’re fucking desperate.”

A quiet whine bubbles out of him without his express permission. Dream’s face is blurry, marred to incomprehension because he itches all over and it feels as if it’ll never leave him alone.

“Dream,” he whispers, because his throat feels as if it’s been crushed under the weight of a sky full of storm clouds.

“Can I kiss you?”

George thinks he’d have to be fucking insane to say no to that. “Please,” he says, and his voice catches upon every ridge of his throat before coming to completion.

Dream leans in so close his head fills up with salt, kisses him hard enough that the ache dwells at the back of his mind for now, background noise rather than all consuming summer fire. It’s boiling, it’s so much his nerves feel like live wires. Or perhaps that’s just because they’ve been worn thin after all these months spent tiptoeing around Dream, perhaps George is so weary all Dream needs to do is breathe against his skin to send him careening into haywire.

He grinds into Dream’s palm when it rests over the hardness in his jeans, rubs through the denim in mind-numbing circles until George feels like he’s been kicked in the chest. It’d be enough to stay here forever, grinding into a hand covered in tattoos until he comes undone, but now Dream is pulling away, leaving him cold all over as if he’s standing under a black hole sun.

“We should go upstairs,” Dream murmurs.

“No.” He pushes his hips back against Dream.

Dream laughs and grabs at him until he’s forced to stay still. “You’ll regret it if Sapnap walks in here,” he says, voice pitched down low and quiet.

And he supposes Dream has a point. “Fine,” he concedes.

The next few minutes pass in a blur, one which tastes of teeth and tongues and honey skin sucked into his mouth. Dream’s hand against his hardness, Dream’s hands running all over his skin as he shucks all his clothes off. *So fucking pretty*, he murmurs when George is all bare, every inch of him exposed to the apathetic gaze of the air. They move in the sort of way only best friends can, anticipating each other so perfectly it makes George’s blood thrum. He almost loses his mind when Dream is finally exposed, all of his skin on show so he can drag his fingers over ink on ink and tattoos crossing over every golden inch of him.

Somehow, George ends up with his head in Dream’s lap, the tip of his cock smearing precome all over his lips as he mouths up the side of it.

He’s absolutely gone, his mind floating off somewhere in the clouds as he stares at the designs pooling at Dream’s hips and spilling over onto his thighs. It’s delectable, when he digs his tongue into the slit and Dream *shudders*, bites out a string of curses so foul George wants to store them on the inside of his brain forever. George isn’t interested in jabbing needles into his own skin, but he thinks if he could have anything tattooed, it would be all the dirty things Dream whispers to him for his ears alone.

And when he finally takes Dream into his mouth, letting the weight of him rest upon his tongue, George thinks he sees the milky way in its entirety.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Dream groans, his fingers curling against George’s scalp as he hollows his cheeks out.

Dream is big, bigger than he’s used to. It makes his jaw ache in the best way possible, makes him feel as though his stomach is hollowed out by animalistic desire. As if he’ll never be satisfied, as if all his atoms will repopulate the stars when he’s six feet underground and still sing for Dream. The taste of him fills his mouth, sharp enough to tease a blade along the back of his tongue.

He jolts when his teeth drag over the skin, rough and careless.

George pulls off Dream’s cock, lets it rest against his cheek as he drags sweet oxygen into his body. A string of saliva connects the two, glistening like spider silk in the lowlight. “Sorry,” he says when his chest stops heaving. His voice comes out stretched to a snapping point, raw and strained from the intrusion. He loves it. “I didn’t mean to.”

“What are you sorry about?” Dream is staring down at him with eyes clouded with summer tempests.

“My teeth,” he says.

Dream sucks in a breath of realisation. His thumb brushes over the corner of George’s jaw, rubs up over his cheek as though he’ll bruise if he presses harder. “Baby.” George never wants to be called anything else again. It makes his head spin and collide with cliff-rocks, makes him feel as if



everything else in the world could vanish and he'd be alright, cradled by Dream's palms. "I want you to bite, okay? I want you to bite and scratch and claw at me until I can feel it. Until I'm bleeding and marked. Can you do that?"

George feels his heart stutter. It fits so perfectly—Dream wants him to be rough, wants him to grab and scrape at him until he's branded with physical mementos of what they've done. Wants it all mapped out across his skin, put there as a reward for the pain he has to go through in order to obtain it.

He thinks about the marks he can leave with his hands, his teeth, and nods. "I can do that," he says.

"Thank you."

Dream's cock is comforting against the back of his throat, the head pushing hard enough to bruise the roof of his mouth with possessive marks. This time, he doesn't draw away when his teeth rasp over the skin, drinks up the way Dream's breath hitches and his hands tighten in George's hair. He gags, and it feels *good* because it means this is really happening, Dream is fucking into his mouth in reality after so many months of imagining it.

His nose almost touches the ink covering Dream's navel every now and again, only inches to separate it. It swims around in his vision when he gets too close, the lines bleeding prematurely into a tangled mess of thread. George feels all caught up in it, limbs suspended like a marionette because Dream's got him so ensnared it's not even fucking funny.

Dream pulls him off when he's close, cradles his jaw once again. He pulls George closer, kisses him soft enough to bruise and George feels dizzy because Dream can surely taste himself on his tongue. It's dirty, it's filthy, and it makes something burn white hot and bloom like an aphrodisiac in George's stomach.

Kisses are layered over his temple, each one open mouthed and hot. "Do you want me to fuck you?" Dream asks.

George thinks he'll cry. He's so desperate, feels as if something within him will snap if Dream *doesn't*.

He has to blink tears out of his eyes when he nods, a low whine growing in the back of his throat, needy. "Please. Please Dream, I need it so bad." And he's panicking, hands scrabbling at Dream's chest with the desperation that's built up over the course of the last few months. "I'll fucking die if you don't."

"Hey, you're alright," Dream says, holding him as if he's made of starlight. "I got you."

*I got you.*

Dream preps him quickly, warms the lube in his palms before pushing his fingers into George. They catch on his rim, tug and pull at it until he can't tell the sting of pain from the pleasure of the stretch. He bites at the back of his hand until Dream tugs it from his mouth, pins it to the mattress instead so it's held captive there.

"Don't do that," he says gently. "I want to hear you."

Dream wants to hear him. His head is doused in honey, thick and sweet and intoxicating. George is addicted to how Dream's eyes look as he scissors his fingers, stretches him out nice so he can take his cock. He feels as if he was made for it right now, when his mind singles down to Dream and the beautiful artwork mapping over his limbs.

“Can you reach the drawer? ‘s condoms in there.” Dream’s voice cuts through his delirium, and he’s brought crashing back to earth like a comet for a few seconds. He pulls away, and George feels so empty it’s voidlike.

George fiddles with his fingers, a wave of diffidence crashing over him all of a sudden. “George?” Dream asks when he falls silent for a beat too long.

He swallows his pride. “Can you go without?” Some twisted part of him wants to be filled up with Dream’s release, hot enough so his insides are branded with it. The same part that fixates on the ink spiralling over his skin, the same part that crams Dream into his sleep every night. He wants his walls to be painted white, so visceral that he feels tattooed with *Dream*. George wonders when he’d grown so obsessed, so hungry for him.

A beat passes, and he’s terrified Dream will say no.

“Are you sure?” He says eventually.

“Yeah.” His fingers curl against Dream’s wrists just to feel the thrum of his pulse. It beats like the core of the earth, ties him down to reality so his mind will stop floating away from him. “Wanna feel you. All of you.” *Every last inch of you so it’s marked there forever.*

His world seems to shutter when Dream starts pressing into him, guiding the head past his rim with a carefulness that melts his heart to ambrosia. He’s not going to lie, it fucking burns, makes him feel as though he’s being taken apart and put back together again as Dream pushes further. George clutches at his shoulders, grabs at the air as skin slides over skin and he begins to drown in the roaring current of hedonism. His legs wrap around his waist, and the contact is so warm he feels drunk on it.

Dream bottoms out, and he’s gasping for air, drinking it in like he’s choking. “Feels so good,” he breathes, hands running absolutely everywhere as if George is a marble statue to be admired. “Tell me when I’m good to move.” His lips press hot against George’s sternum, each one blooming with glittering petals.

And even when the stretch becomes tolerable, George leaves him like that for a while. He lets himself have this, lets himself enjoy what it’s like to have Dream settled inside him with their skin pressing together in all the most sinful places.

But he can tell Dream is growing impatient, can tell it’s difficult for him to keep his hips still.

He pats his upper arm, fingers pale against a dark ink moon. “Okay. You can move.”

Dream fucks him as if they’ll die tomorrow, as if they’ll never wake up again. He thrusts *hard*, wild and deep as if he’s starving. It’s all George can do to hang on, to grab at Dream’s torso in order to stay anchored to the world rather than floating off into the night. And it’s so good, after months which feel like eternities of wishing for this moment, after so long staining his bedsheets with guilty release.

His nails threaten to dig into flesh, to push past layers of flesh and paint the inked outlines in scarlet. George straightens his fingers out when he realises, an apology brewing on his tongue.

*I want you to bite and scratch and claw at me until I can feel it.*

Fire threatens to consume George as Dream’s words course through him, sweet euphoria that makes his blood thrum with excitement. Because Dream wants to *hurt*, Dream wants pain so he’ll ache the next day with sapphires covering his skin in glistening clusters. So he digs his nails in,

drags them all the way across Dream's back until his hands are resting at his hips.

Dream shudders to a bruising halt, eyes wide and burning with kerosene. "Holy fuck," he whispers, as if he's just seen a vision presented to him by an angel. His eyes are watering.

"Like that?" George locks his heels together possessively, pushes Dream back into him so hard he sees stars. The head of his cock nudges up into his prostate, sends raw energy crackling down George's spine. His voice pitches up into a high keen, rough and raw and loud enough to reach the heavens themselves. And his nails drag again and again, until blood runs into his cuticles and he knows angry red lines must be crossing over the tattoos. "You wanna hurt like that? You wanna bleed, Dream?"

"*Fuck*, baby. So good for me," Dream says, pressing gentle kisses over the column of his throat. "Wanna be covered in bruises and cuts."

"And ink," George exhales. Because that's why they're in this predicament in the first place, with Dream cradled inside him and the sheets dotted with crimson. "God, you're fucked up, aren't you?"

Dream laughs breathlessly. He leans in to kiss him hard, all tongues and teeth and a heat so great it scorches George's lips. So hard he grows lightheaded, so hard he has to bite down on Dream's tongue so he'll pull away. A groan courses through him when he does, fingers flying up to run over it even though George had been careful to bite soft enough it wouldn't damage anything. "Christ, George. You want me dead."

"No. We could give heaven a visit, though," he says.

"Oh come on. We already made it."

"So keep going," he begs, tugging hard at Dream's hair so his scalp will sting. He drinks up all the noises Dream makes, cradles them to his chest and feels the fire scorching at his heart. Burning the edges to embers. "Please- need you to keep going."

"Fuck, okay. Calm down, baby."

And George is still reeling over how *baby* sounds on his tongue when Dream starts fucking back into him, pressing so deep and heavy his thighs shake. George claws at him hard, rips open flesh until his back must be decorated with enough red lines to begin a collection. Dream's breath is hot against his ear, grounding and perfect.

George can feel him so *deep*, so deep his insides are boiling in a storm of red and gold. The head of his cock jams up exactly where George needs it, hard and fast just as he's always wanted. Rough so he'll feel it in webbing pain in the morning, offset by the tenderness of Dream's gaze as he rubs his thumbs over George's hips. Delicate, so he won't bruise.

No. George is the one to leave bruises, George is the one to bite and scratch until his head rings with crimson blood and the smell of iron surrounds them in a cloying haze. He tugs skin between his teeth, bites and sucks until blood rises to the surface.

Dream is left with an entire nebula of bruises, red lightning bolting through the clusters and dividing them into picket-fence sections. The ink lies underneath it all, a rainbow of colours melting to psychedelia as George covers it with bloodflush. He adores how Dream reacts to pain, adores the noises that spill from his lips whenever George leaves fresh marks.

"I'm so fucking close," Dream pants, boiling against George's collarbones.

“Fill me,” he begs, a hand trailing between their chests to grab at his cock. It feels unreal as he rubs a palm over the head, curls his fingers around it so he can chase his release. “Please,” he says again, as though it’s the only word he knows. *Fill me up so good it hurts.*

“Shit, alright.”

It’s not long before Dream’s thrusts grow messy and frantic, until he’s painting George’s insides with blinding heat so pleasant it tugs at his heart. He arches, and Dream’s hand joins his own on his cock so they can tug out his orgasm together.

His toes curl when he cums, high moans bouncing off the walls because George has never been good at keeping quiet and now he doesn’t have to anymore. He thinks if he doesn’t cry out it would turn radioactive in his voice box, would leak out to poison him in a burst of uranium. So he whines without holding back, clutches at Dream as he coats their navels with white.

And Dream is kissing him again, softer this time as they wait for their surroundings to regain clarity and the colours to bleed back into the lines.

Dream pulls out, and George can feel his hole fluttering around nothing, cum leaking out of it in a filthy stream of white. But there’s a thumb pressing against the rim, pushing his release back inside where he can keep it hot. It makes his heart beat faster, makes him feel like he’s floating in heady waves as the aftermath lulls around them.

“I’ll be one sec,” Dream says, and he’s standing, limbs stretching out into long lines as he climbs off the bed.

George is rewarded with a view of his back as he walks away, tattoos muddled to incomprehension by budding bruises and scratch lines that run red and angry up and down the expanse of skin there. He did that, he marred Dream’s ink with marks and scratches so numerous it’s difficult to see underneath.

Dream returns to clean him up, to wipe away spit and sweat and cum where it’s dried cold and sticky on his stomach. He smiles gratefully, reaches up to press his fingers over Dream’s cheek because he’s haloed by the dim evening light and it looks like he’s sparkling. And perhaps it’s too soft, when all they’ve done is fuck, but there’s something ritualistic about the patches of blood staining the bedsheets.

When he’s done, he’s cradled against Dream’s chest, close enough he can hear the steady beat of his heart.

This is nice too, George thinks. His fingers trace over the ink, over constellations and ships and dragons and colours he can’t see. Mesmerising. For the first time in a while, he can allow the ink to slide over his mind without the hollow ache in his chest, can press kisses over bruises and scratches that’ll be throbbing by morning.

“Looks like you’ve been attacked,” he says. His fingers ghost over all of it, careful he doesn’t press too hard.

Dream hums under his breath, tugs George closer so his vision fills up with so much ink the world around them appears greyscale. It’s addictive, how bare his limbs look when they’re intertwined with Dream’s like this. “And who do I have to thank for that?”

George smiles so wide his hands curl into fists and helium bubbles in his chest.

“Me.”

Dream still shows up with new ink every now and again. But more often than not, he's content to let George tear him apart and put him back together with thick red lines drawing across his skin.

It works perfectly.

## End Notes

I know this might seem like it has nothing to do with piercing but without that fic I wouldn't have been hit with whatever dumbass inspiration I got for this one, so thank u Mars <3 also i wrote this all in one day, HAHA FUCK this was an interesting experience

feel free to leave hate but remember that by doing so u give me permission to laugh at u

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